

URANIA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE PAINTING



Of the TOP of the
Theater at OXON,
As the ARTIST lay'd his Design.

By R. O. WHITEHALL, Fellow of Merton Colledge.

—*Pictoribus atque poetis*
Quidlibet, &c.—

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THe day's *our own*! though some might seem to doubt
Whether *Augustus Caesar's* days are out;
Had not the Lion, Bull, and savage Beare
Contended in his Amphitheater
With Bore, Rhinoceros and Elephant,
That did at once Spectators please, and daunt.
Or Creatures cruell and more fierce than these,
When *Man to Man* became a Sacrifice;
While acclamations with a grand applause
Endanger'd all to crown the Victors brows:
And the defeated Champion took his death,
Not from the *Foe*, but *their* unkindler breath:
Bleeding afresh, and groveling in his gore,
More deeply wounded than he was before:

And all this *beat*, and all this *noyse*, to tell
The World, *This Day* did Pilades prize well.

No



NO R O M A N Foyl here, nor *Olympick* Game,
Nor *Table* hang'd up to *Nemean* fame :

The *Graces* and the *Muses* more besit
A *Patron* both to *Reason* and to *Wit* :
Whose *benefaction* , whose *munificence*
Might upon Earth immortalize a *Prince*.
Immense as th' *Ocean* , rich as th' *Indian* Fleet,
Were *Tagus* and *Paetolus* sands in it;
Admir'd more than those *Argonauts* of *Greece*
When they brought home their *weighty* golden fleece.
None but a *Noble* and *Heroick* breast
Bestow's *Gifts* out-live *Baggs* condemn'd to th' *Chest*.
Death-bed *Donations* are but *cold* and *faint*,
The *Living* onely give without *constraint*.

Such *Actions* when they shall be scan'd and read
Merit beyond th' *Ægyptian* *Pyramid*.

Draw

D *Raw back* the curtain then, and let's behold
 A sight more welcome than *Ben's* misers gold
 Where first th' ingenious Artist makes it known
 He treads in no mans tract, his path's his *own*.
 For though *Antiquity* be venerable,
 Yet whereas anciently they had a cable
 Or cordage from this pilaster to that
 To knit together and keep tight the sheet,
 For 'tis presum'd their theater so large
 (Though sooner built perhaps and at lesse charge)
 That they knew not th' expence of tile or lead
 'Gainst th' injuries of weather over head:
 So here a cord-mould gilded which doth reach
 In length and breadth crols to prevent a breach,
 Supports a red large drapery, suppos'd
 To cover all the roof where it is hous'd.
 But now 'tis furl'd up by the *Genii* round
 About the roof, by th' walls, that those 'oth ground
 May deem 'tis open aire above, a way
 For th' *Arts* and *Sciences* 'ith' clouds to stray.
 At whose sollicitation *Truth* descend's
 To their assembly, as unto her *Friends*:
 And at this Festival observe estsoones
 How th' other *Genii* sport with their festoones
 Of bayes and lawrel, out of which they make
 Ever green Garlands for their Lovers sake.

Which hieroglyphically seems to say
 Rewards and Honor too attend this day.



TO make this Convents happiness compleat
 Their grand *Disturbers* must have a defeat :
Envy with *Rapine* and *Brutality*
 By th' *Genii* opposing them are made to fly.
 Thrown headlong from the Clouds, and driven thence
 By *Prudence*, *Fortitude*, and *Eloquence*.

This conquest to proclaim as Omen good
 The Trumpet sound's and they disperse abroad.

THe day still ours, 'twill now be requisite
 (As 'tis with Muster-masters after fight)
 To rally up our force, and as by th' pole,
 Distinctly in order to run o're the *Role*.
 Where, lest we should by th' *Heathen* be out-done
 And such as deifie the Sun and Moon
Theologie in reason must begin
 As *Spur* to Vertue, and as *Curb* to Sinne.

SEe then a *Book* with seven seals in her hand,
 While she implores *Truth* on her part to stand.
 On one side is the *Law* *Moysaicall*
 Veil'd, and the *Tables* we the *Decalogue* call,
 Which lest we should neglect as slighting God
 Truth poynts out to us with her iron Rod.

NExt (as inseparable) doth appear
 The *Gospel* with a *Crosse* and *Chalice*, near
 Her, *History* is holding up her Pen,
 And dedicating it to *truth*, as men
 Old writings left, and fragments which respect
 Her *Stories* whence a *Book* she might collect.

View *Poesie* divine at th' other end
 With *Harp* like *Dauids* tun'd to what he pen'd.

THen come the *Mathematick Sciences*,
 Grounded on *Demonstration*, not on guesse.
Astronomy with her *Cælestiall* globe
 Adorn'd (as are the rest) with decent Robe.
 With her *terrestriall* Orbe *Geography*,
 With *Square* and *Plum-line* stands *Geometry*.
Arithmetique and *Architecure* passe
 Neighbours, and *Perspective* with *Optick* glasse.

ON th' other side *Law* seated like a Queen,
 With *Scepter* and *Records* that long have been,
Patents and *Evidences* sure and strong,
 With whom goe's *Rhetorique* hand in hand along
 With an attending *Genius* to produce
 The scales of *Justice* to prevent abuse:
 A *palm branch* as an Emblem of *Reward*
 For vertuous Actions, and as to regard
 Of power to punish *vice*, or to remit
 The *Roman Fasces* are the mark of it.

Physick

Phyſick by *Æſculapin's ſtaffe* is known,
 And *Serpent twiſted*, ('tis a ſubtle one)
 By her an *Herbariſt* doth *Truth* implore
 To teach her *Plants* for every grief and fore.
 A *Chymiſt*, with a bolt head, and before
 Is placed a *Chyrurgion*, with his ſtore
 Of *Inſtruments*, all to diſſect a brain,
 Layd open, (O *Minerva* don't diſdain!)

Some more there are; ſee *Logick* taking hold
 On *Argument*; and if ſhe's baſſ'd, ſould.

Muſick, with a *note-paper*, and a *Lute*
 A little *Boy* playing upon a *Flute*.
 Theſe two are *Emblems* (known t' *Apollo* more)
 Of the moſt antique Muſick heretofore.

Priſting is with a *Box of letters*, and
 A *Form* that's ready ſet 'ith' other hand:
 Where left the *Printing-preſſe* ſhould vacant lie
 Are ſeveral damp ſheets hanging up to dry.

ITh' middle, as deſcending from above
Truth in a cloud fits; (harmleſs as a Dove)
 One hand a *palm branch* hold's for *Victory*:
 In th' other is *the Sun* in's radiancy.
 So bright *Truth* ſeem's obſcur'd to us below,
 But every figure yield's the brighter ſhew.
 And thoſe three *Prodigies* we nam'd before
 Now weary of the place, are got to th' door.

Envy

ENvy with *snaky haire, bags breasts, squint eyes,*
Pale venomous colour, strong, but ugly thighs:
 (Of which one disappear's, as if the beast
 Had fed upon *her self, to make a Feast*)
 With rivell'd skin, *confounded at the sight*
 Of *Pallas* shield with *Gorgon's head* t' affright.
 To which she would oppose her angry snakes
 But by precipitation downward make's.

THe same Fate *Ignorance* attend's *Arts hater*
 Best represented to us by a *Satyr* **W**
 'Scoffing at what she cannot understand,
 But quell'd by *Hermes* Caducean wand.

With *grinning teeth, sharp fangs, and fiery eyes,*
 Besmear'd with blood of Friends and Enemies,
Rapine appears: a *flambeau* and *dagger* are
 His weapons of delight, with arm stript bare.
 Wolf-like devouring, lying still in wait,
 Unseen 'till now, (except in 48.) **O**
 He *Magistracy* hate's, abhor's the *Gown*,
 But an *Herculean Genius* strikes him down.

THese *to the life* are drawn so curiously
 That the Beholder would become *all Eye*:
 Or at the least an *Argus*, so sublime
 A *phant'sie* makes essays to *Heaven* to climb,
 That future ages must confess they owe
 To *STREETE R* more than *Michael Angelo*.



To the Most Honourable

JAMES Duke of ORMOND His

Grace, our most Renowned Lord, and

CHANCELLOR.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

W *Hile Arms and Arts contend
Which of them most stands poor Urania's friend,
The Graces at a meeting all conclude
They own, with thanks, this fair vicissitude,
That what the Crosier and the Miter deign'd
May by the sword and helmet be maintain'd.
So we successively have our Commander,
An Aristotle, and an Alexander.*

O *Ur Theater though 'tis beautifull, in you
Alone it lies to make it vocall, now :
And things inanimate so to inspire
As Orpheus did with his enchanting Lyre.
Your various tongues may teach youth how to please
More than Quintilian or Demosthenes.
And when the Sophister is at a stand
Your Genius brings fresh topicks to his hand.*

Time

Time was when that same Antichristian word
 Mæcænas sounded some outlandish Lord ;
 When half a dram of learning at one time
 Was Language of the Beast (and no small crime)
 Who then expected Exile and restraint
 Should right the Muses when they made complaint ?
 Indulgent Providence ! thou for their good
 Hast one at home preserv'd, and one abroad.



Thus it is when that same Antichristian word
 Meccas founded some outlandish Lord;
 To him half a dream of learning at one time
 His language of the Beast (and we shall come)
 It do then expected Exile and restraint
 Should right the Master when they make complaint
 Indignant Providence! thou for their good
 Hast one at home prescrib'd, and one abroad.

